



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

everything and was then fifty-eight years of age, went to work at once to retrieve his losses. He succeeded in part, and this enabled him to close his days, if not in comparative ease, at least with freedom from immediate and pressing cares. He preserved his vitality to within a year or two of his death, the last description of his appearance being from the pen of Avé-Lallemant, when Bonpland was near the end. His wife had left him soon after their arrival at Buenos Ayres; three children of a later union cared for the last days of the scientist. The picture of his home is not attractive, but it must be remembered that, under the tropics, comfort is attained more easily than in northern climes.

A. F. B.

Un Crépuscule d'Islam. Maroc. Par André Chevrillon. Librairie Hachette et Cie. Paris, 1906.

It is rarely that a book is found where the title so well fits the subject and the style is so well suited to the title. Morocco, and chiefly its capital Fez, is the subject, and here the remnants of Moorish culture, as we are told it was once in Spain under the domination of the Arabs, seem to have found their last ditch. But it is really a *crépuscule*, and Mr. Chevrillon has well depicted it. Reading his descriptions of the old Moorish city, with its absolutely typical local colour, one feels tempted to close the eyes and to fancy Toledo, Cordova, not at the period of their glory, but when decline, material and mental, had set in.

Mr. Chevrillon writes a beautiful French. His language is always dignified and, above all, highly poetic. He floats, so to say, constantly on the same plane, higher than the majority of writers that handle such topics. There are no abrupt ups and downs in his style, none of those sudden plunges to the vulgar, or at least the trivial, that make one deplore noble pages marred by such concessions to popularity. Like a soft rippling surface of limpid water his words and phrases undulate almost imperceptibly along. The reader feels the soothing effect; he becomes dreamy, and finally drowsy. It is the atmosphere of a slumbering part of Africa, resting under the shadows of a weird past and the scorching heat of the not very distant desert.

The style, so eminently fitted to the subject, has great attractions, only it is wearisome in the end. One tires of the never interrupted maze of beautiful arabesques of words. One longs for dry and unadorned facts, for sentences terminating in some naked conclusion. Instead of it, one allegory chases the other; we find trouble, not seldom, in unravelling what the author really means. There is a wealth of interesting data, but they are not put clearly. The book is a painting, and not a source of solid information. Hence its value for geography is minimized, and there is little to pick out worthy of special notice. The description of the African shore is as monotonous as that shore itself; the impression is true, but an impression, subjective at that, cannot replace data. Most of the data concerning physiography, natural history, ethnology, are merely hinted at. We feel that the author knows what we would like to learn from him, but in lieu of giving it to us he turns into the channel of comparisons, at first attractive, then wearisome, but always very poetic.

Life at Fez must be rather monotonous, and it is not enticing for the European or the American. The conveniences, even the most modest, to which we are accustomed, must be foregone. Chairs are only displayed on state occasions; when Mr. Chevrillon had his audience of the Sultan that potentate sat on a chair. There is splendour and luxury in the abodes of the rich and mighty, but

it is a magnificence of bygone days and often in decay. Of the commercial life at Fez it can be gathered, that it is that of the Orient in general, carried on in dingy alleys, in vault-like chambers, reached through narrow passages decorated with the name of streets. Filth abounds, and personal safety is fairly assured in the city; outside of it, at a short distance from the walls, which look like an agglomeration of fortresses, one is scarcely safe at home in the daytime and much less so at night. The conglomerate of tribes and stocks forming the so-called rural population, is almost uncontrolled by the authority of the monarch.

A few parties given to the author by high functionaries throw some light on the state of knowledge of the superior classes, through the conversations which he reports as having had with them. Their astronomical ideas, for instance, have remained stagnant since the time they were evicted from Spain. One or the other of their scribes may have more advanced ideas, but the members of the Cabinet, at least, who entertained Mr. Chevrillon had certainly not heard of Copernicus nor of Galileo. They glory in the glory of what their ancestors knew, but feel no desire to increase that knowledge, hardly even to preserve it.

Of the Jewish population of Fez a not very enticing picture is given. Dominated by a council of Rabbis, they are as conservative and retrograde even as the Mussulmans. The Jewish Alliance has attempted to introduce some improvement in their menial condition, but the efforts were ill requited. Still, the Alliance perseveres under the greatest sacrifices. Jewish women are the missionaries who have undertaken the good work. May their sufferings (which the author describes as almost intolerable) be at last rewarded by some success!

Of the interview with the Sultan not much can be said. It was one of the common-place interviews so often recorded. On such occasions, and especially when intercourse is limited to a single meeting, no just impression can be gathered of the personage visited. He seldom takes more than a passing interest in the foreigner presented to him, and Orientals are wily enough not to allow their inner sentiments to pierce the envelope of official dignity and reserve.

The return to the Mediterranean occupies, naturally, much less space than the journey to Fez. We see the same countries and find them, as well as the descriptions, as oriental, dreamy—crepuscular—as in the beginning.

A. F. B.

Charleston—the Place and the People. By Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel.

With Illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1906.

With the glamorous touch of a writer of romance, and yet with the earnestness of a historian, Mrs. Ravenel has painted a series of vivid word-pictures of Charleston at its hardy birth in the wilderness; later thriving like a lusty infant upon the good sense and energy of Resident Governors and Council; in its robust and prosperous youth fostered by the courage and patriotism of its citizens; until with regretful sadness she draws the curtain over her canvas showing Charleston, in 1865, lying prostrate and bleeding upon the white sands of her broad beaches.

Dowered herself with some of Charleston's proudest names, our author, with a true heredity, has treated her subject *con amore* and produced a very interesting book. In her short preface she disclaims any attempt at writing a continuous history. From its history of two hundred and fifty years she has chosen "such events as shaped the fortunes of men who made the town, and best illustrate the character of the children who lived in it." The modesty of this statement hardly